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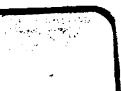
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To

The New York Public
Library

from

Alexander Jessup

Sept. 25, 1921.

Jessup
NBI



THE CHARM OF YOUTH

*Love! and we live with the staying truth,
The charm of youth! the charm of youth!
Youth! and we live again love's rage,
The charm of youth! the charm of age!*

9/27/21
M.S.

THE CHARM OF YOUTH

1

By
ALEXANDER JESSUP

L.C.



BOSTON
HERBERT B. TURNER & CO.
1905

M. S. M. 2

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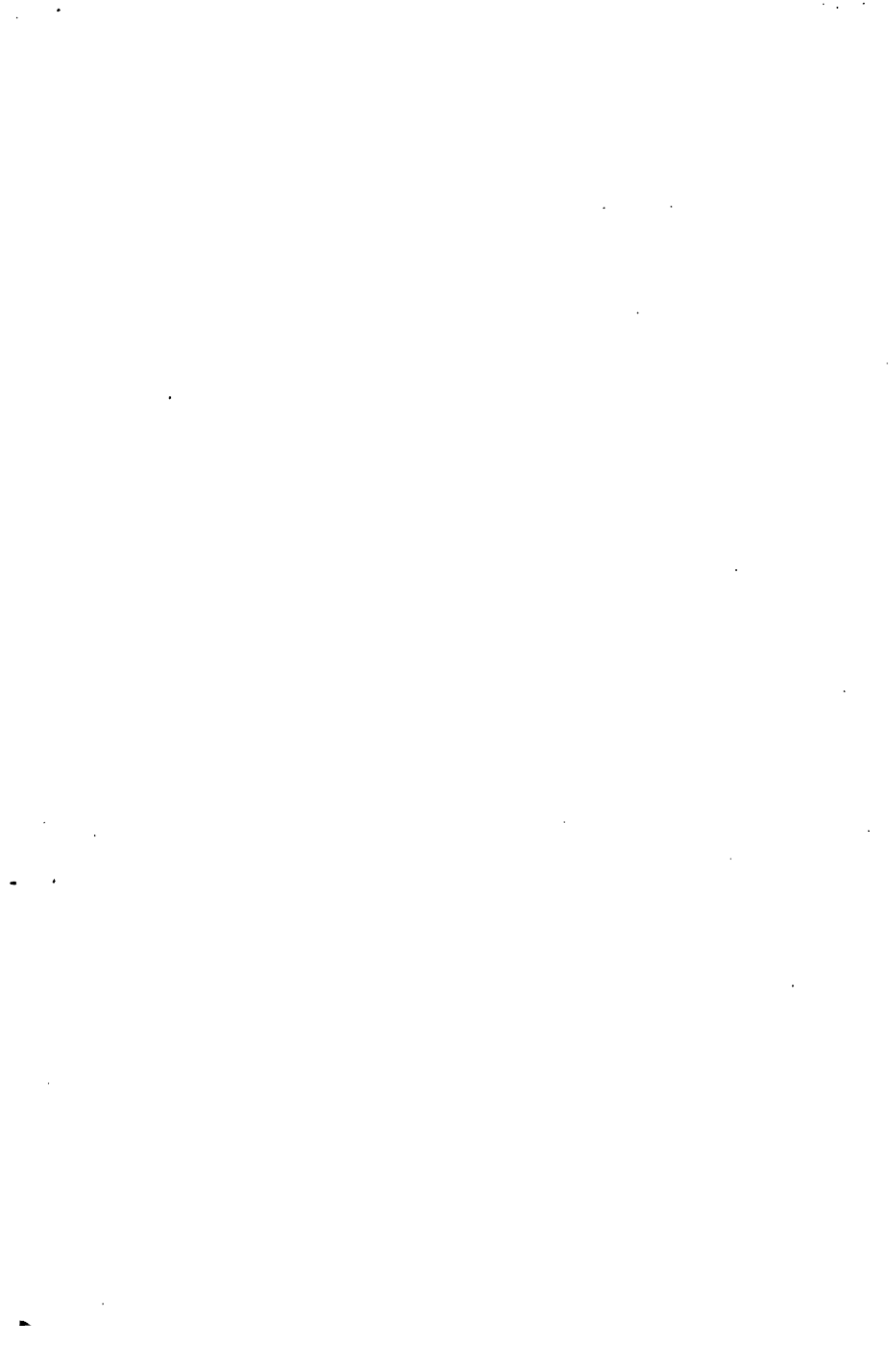
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W. B. TURNER & CO.
NEW YORK
1905

DEDICATED
TO
"THAT NOT IMPOSSIBLE SHE"

In the duo of Love
There is little libretto;
There are few rhymes but dove
In the duo of Love,
Yet we prize it above
All your epic falsetto;
In the duo of Love
There is little libretto.

—*Austin Dobson.*



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A. J.



THE CONTENTS

First Love Remembered	15
A Song From The Silence	19
A Heaven Of Song	21
Love's Immortality	22
Twilight And Sunrise	23
To A Young Lady About To Be Married	24
The Borderland Of Sleep :	
I Back From The Flower-Town	25
II A Land Of Dreams	26
III Lights	27
IV The Threshold	28
V "If Only In Dreams May Man Be Fully Blest"	29
Heaven's Lamps	30
Life's Music	31
The Lily's Quest	32
Love's Three Seasons :	
I First Love	34

THE CONTENTS

II	Marriage Morning	35
III	First Loss	36
	Moods	37
	The Waiting Of Circe	38
	Memory	39
	The Quietist	40
	A Fairer Morning	42
	Youth	43
	A Song Of Love Triumphant	44
	Past And Future	46
	Songs Of Aspiration :	
	I Aspiring Toward The Peaks Your Fond Eyes Hold Me	47
	II Not A Wave Doth Pause The Prow	48
	Materialism	49
	Catches :	
	I	50
	II	51
	III	52
	Circumstance	53

THE CONTENTS

A Life	54
How The Satyr Found Dian A Venus	56
Love	59
Ideals	60
Love's Glances	61
Women And Wine	62
The Poet	63
Soulsight	65
Paraphrases From <i>The Greek Anthology</i> :	
I Beauty In Vision	66
II Common Property	67
III Love's For The Living	68
IV A Pessimist	69
V The Divine Spark	70
VI An Epicurean's Death	71
Joy In The Morning	72
Morning	74
A Fond Regret	75
To Walter Savage Landor	76
To George Meredith	77
A Summer Day	78

THE CONTENTS

Child And Sea 79

Sweet Maid, If You Would Charm My
Sight 80

Extempore Sonnet On The Assassination Of
William McKinley, September 6,
1901 81

The One True Note 83

A Cessation Of Strife 86

The Last Word 87

Since Alice Died 89 ✓

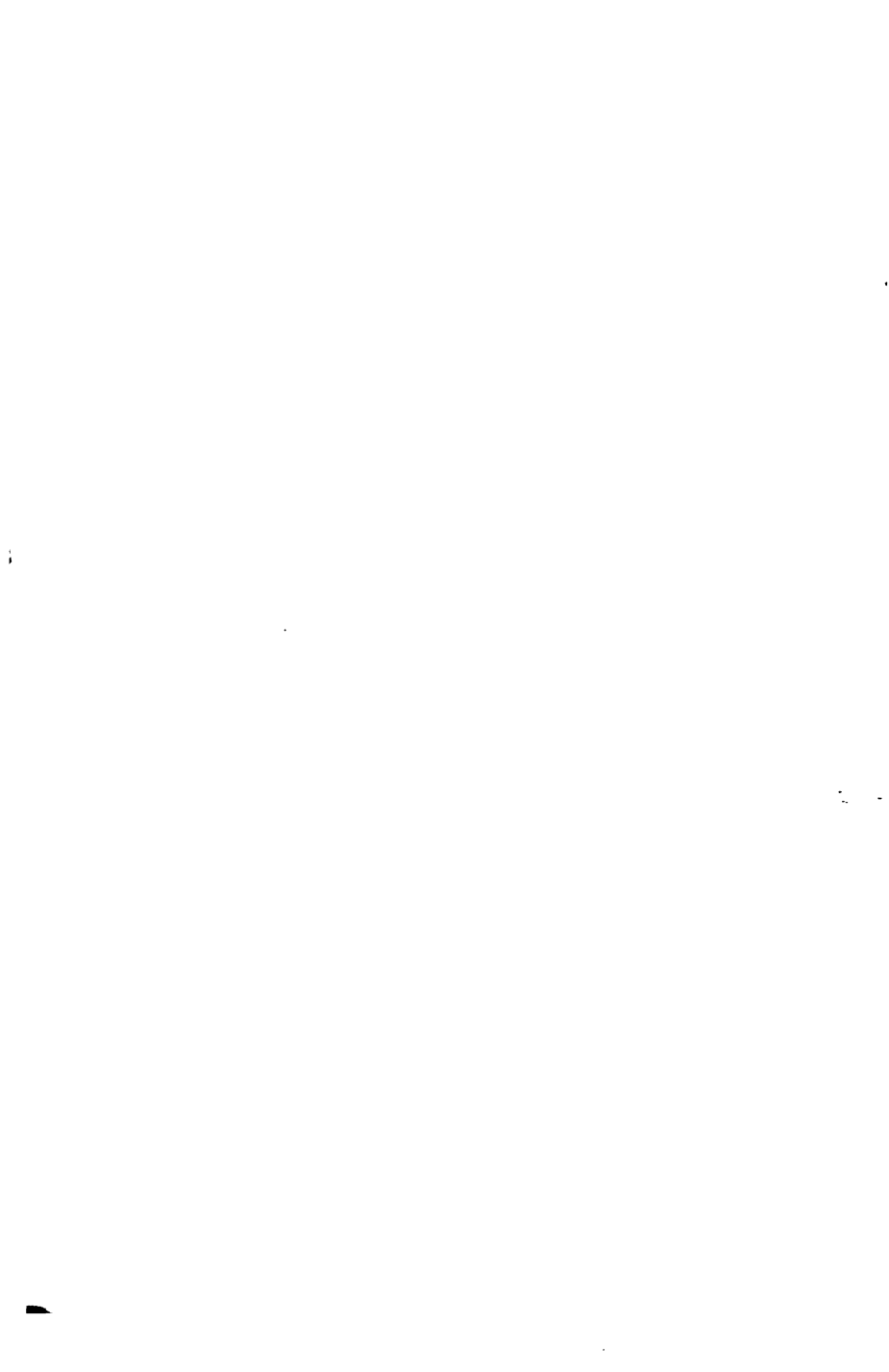
A Song At The Close 90

Love Universal 91

Too Late 92

Love's Memories 93

THE CHARM OF YOUTH



FIRST LOVE REMEMBERED

Perhaps 't was boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman, weary lover !
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give—but who can live youth over ?

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

When the dewy evening steals along the
meadows,
And the ruddy twilight falls upon the
earth,
And the far-off calling of the songful
night-bird
Breaks upon the stillness with its wild,
sweet mirth,
Forth upon the greensward walks my dar-
ling lightly,
Love's own light, the moonbeams, quivers
in her hair,
Glad with all the gladness of life's gladdest
season,
And yet, with all her gladness, far more
fair !

FIRST LOVE REMEMBERED

Shy as the springtime, when the winter
ceases,

Happy as the sunniest of summer days ;
Eyes like the fawn's, who in the forest
reaches

After its mother, down the shadowed
ways !

Tender is her skin, like a flower's fresh
petals ;

Yet tenderer her heart, like the flower
that fades ;

Golden her hair, like the dusty metals

Shaken by the bee, in the flower-blown
glades !

Waving grasses murmur love to one an-
other,

Would that I their courage had, to say
to you

What young loves have said unto each
other

Ever since young love was first found
true !

FIRST LOVE REMEMBERED

Yet let us keep the charm, love, perhaps
love ceases

To increase so madly, when sung to
tune :

Pictures and poems may be best when
picked to pieces,

But not young love, in its May or
June !

All the air takes up the wondrous thrill of
evening,

And my heart is lifted deeper in the
blue ;

Life is one sweet song, and you are all
my life, love,

All my song of life is you, you, you !

In the laughing valleys, where the brook-
lets tinkle,

On the cooling uplands, where the breezes
die,

In the vales of heaven, where the star-
points twinkle—

Love, love, love is all their cry !

FIRST LOVE REMEMBERED

! Let us dwell forever in this land of inde-
cision,
Knowing not what morrow may dawn
to-day ;
Strive not to disclose love, know the god-
like vision,
For when love is looked at, love's away!
Do not doubt my trueness, I trust your
faith forever,
Clasp your arms around me, here's my
heart ;
Creep closer, love, and let not a moment
sever,
Our lips are meeting, and our souls are
not apart !

A SONG FROM THE SILENCE

Belovéd, could you look beyond the facts
That throng upon us, in this earthly
sphere,

If you could glimpse the truer thoughts of
acts,

I think your heart might read my mean-
ings clear.

Never a morning, golden-dawned, but grew
As something sweet for something fair
away;

Our path, through darkness, which love's
fair stars strew,

Lies straight, and strong, and steadfast
toward the day.

"Courage!" one cried, and courage yet
may gain

What never can be dreamed by craven
fears;

A SONG FROM THE SILENCE

Love can outweather wear, outleap the vain
And solemn, slow processional of years.
Not always I'll unheed love's song or moan,
Living my life, dreaming my dream, alone.

A HEAVEN OF SONG

Sing, Poet ! if you sing one song of worth,
Then you may count as naught all earthly
ills ;

Heav'n lies about the poet here on earth—
Is not Parnassus one of heaven's hills ?

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY

In youth, when stars were in the sky,
I waited for you, Sun ;
Vain all night's myriad pageantry,
I knew no light but One!

Now in my night that knows not day,
Far off faint planets shine ;
No strange light lures me on my way,
Who knew no light but thine.

TWILIGHT AND SUNRISE

Sweet, passing sweet, the birds sing in the
trees

Beyond my window, when the twilight falls,
I hear the whippoorwill that far off calls
His greeting to the new moon's splendour ; bees

Drowse murmuringly, and faint asleep.
An age

Of deathless nothing follows ; then the
night

Is softly brightened by the same twilight,
Yet as it were a new and glorious page
Of nature. In the dimness that doth fail,
The mellow whistling of the morning
quail.

TO A YOUNG LADY ABOUT TO BE
MARRIED

Joy, clear-eyed, within your eyes doth
hover,

On your forehead white are the snows
of all your years ;

Spring returns no more—summer's fairer
to the lover ;

Ebbing are the calm years, may better
cause no tears.

THE BORDERLAND OF SLEEP

I

BACK FROM THE FLOWER-TOWN

When waking, blown by fancy, lightly
lingers

Along the vivid borderland of sleep,
And Time seems poised, unpassing, in
Life's fingers,

I grope for words, dream-heard, lost in
the deep.

How sweet such moments! but, though
sweet, how fleeter,

How wordless, uncaught—there's no cage
for truth.

Tell me by dreams is life, death, love
the sweeter,

O vague, O lost, O vanished charm of
youth!

THE BORDERLAND OF SLEEP

II

A LAND OF DREAMS

Now the bright day grows cold, and dark,
and dreary,

Come, Sleep, and let me rest my tired
head ;

My limbs are tir'd, my heart is never
weary,

For with you through bright pastures I
am led.

THE BORDERLAND OF SLEEP

III

LIGHTS

I love the golden morning light, so swift
to bring the falling
Of the voices of the pit of night, those
dreams that shadow day ;
But dearer far the quiet light, when flocks
of stars are calling
That through the gloom our pathway
lies, to worlds so far away.

THE BORDERLAND OF SLEEP

IV

THE THRESHOLD

In moments of the day you come
And stand beside me, without care
Death's changeless winds have wrapped
you numb—
You wear the clothes you used to wear.

In moments of the night you come
And stand by me, the starry track
Has missed one star; love strikes me
dumb—
As then, long since, you have come
back.

THE BORDERLAND OF SLEEP

V

"IF ONLY IN DREAMS MAY MAN BE FULLY
BLEST"

Give me but one of all these million
people,

The others all may live or fade away ;
Give me but one—all through the night
in dreaming

I seek her village, till the morning gray.

Give me one hope (my love can ne'er
grow dimmer),

One dream, to see love's answ'ring flag
unfurled ;

Come life or death, only let love not
glimmer

Adown the dark'ning mornings of the
world !

HEAVEN'S LAMPS

Love's brightness is the unpaling,
Countless light,
That cheers man, failing,
Through the unfailing night.

LIFE'S MUSIC

Oh, it's glad and gay,
When skies are blue;
Birds sing the livelong day,
"New, new!"

E'er the same tune the birds
Sing, though the skies are cold;
Changed only are the words,
"Old, old!"

THE LILY'S QUEST

Roaming in the meadows, shouting in the
meadows,

Heaven doth seem about us, as we shyly
greet ;

What is all our quest, when the bloom is
on the future ?

Yes, and all the past lies, oh, so sweet !
Heaven hath its star, in earth's meadows
't is the lily,

Both the final quest till the long gray
field's in view—

All the long day over, seeking to discover,
All the forests over, all the meadows
through.

Now the twilight comes, the bright day
pales away,

Happy are the flowers, to see the flowers
of light ;

THE LILY'S QUEST

Vanished is one seeker, was heaven blue
or gray

When last we stood together, and said
life's last good-night ?

Radiant in blue, may its fair light cheer
night falling,

As I alone must take the upward track,
Hear youth, lost youth, across the long
years calling,

"Come back, come back !"

LOVE'S THREE SEASONS

I

FIRST LOVE

Oh, if you impulsive, love, would only run
to meet me

As with joy you rise to welcome morn-
ing, without thought,

Winter would be dead, summer's dreams
would waking greet me,

All the joy and gladness of the spring-
time would be caught !

LOVE'S THREE SEASONS

II

MARRIAGE MORNING

Ere thy loving words come slow,
Teach me better how to grow

To the great and sunless peace
Where of strife there is surcease,

On the verging upland way
Where the night doth meet the day.

When, like this, I dream of you,
I see dimly, through the dew

Of these murky, latter years,
Hopes that do belie all fears.

Quick, slip past me, lest away
All time's joys should glide to-day!

LOVE'S THREE SEASONS

III

FIRST LOSS

Sweet bells are ringing, all the world over,
But they sing me no joy, now the light
has fled ;

Forlorn blows the bee o'er the fading clover,
The field, love, where you are lying dead.

Happy the memories, but sad ! oh, happy
only

Were the days we roamed together, and
Love led two with glee;
Now one is led by Love, briefer days seem
long and lonely,
And never more shall sweet bells sing a
joyful song to me!

MOODS

Love, when you sigh, I seem
 Subtly to feel
All of life's tragedy
 Over me steal.

Love, when you laugh, beneath
 Idalian skies
I see the laugh-loving
 Venus arise.

Love, when you leave me, then
 Light is away,
Heart-free and care-lacking
 Child of the day.

THE WAITING OF CIRCE

The up-hill years drag by me, I must wait
Until Ulysses comes, light of my eyes !
Comes through the Eastern gate, more
 great than wise,
Then passes through the West, more wise
 than great.

MEMORY

Who would to constant Youth belong,
Love Memory's fond arrears;
She only of the maiden throng
Fades not with passing years.

THE QUIETIST

As at night, when all alone
Fades light to its silent zone,
Much departing, will hope stay
To illume the steep'ning way?

Of the friends fond memories touch,
Of the one we loved so much,
No gleam strays—but the fading shout
Of faith's army, going out!

In the plain is great content
But to be there! They who went
Far o'er the crest of the bounding hill
Have not made known, and never will.

No! each must seek the sudden plain
(Else all other quest were vain),
Dark horizons, never stirred
But by the wings of faith-flown bird!

THE QUIETIST

Though unknown worlds about thee roll,
Unknown, man, need not be thy soul ;
Short is our ling'ring, far our quest :
What matters more? God knows the rest.

A FAIRER MORNING

Because the world doth call me wild,
I will not enter in ;
Your heaven of peace shall e'er be unde-
filed
By me, a child of sin.

Because that sky, so golden from afar,
might be less fair,
I am content to roam
Within the loveless world, so cold and
bare,
Unseeking toward your home.

Yet in the fair, calm, rainless days here-
after,
Perhaps my soul will mingle in your
dream ;
I hear again the old, familiar laughter,
And learn once more how sweet your
kiss doth seem.

YOUTH

As rosy, o'er the expectant valley,
The momentary dawn appears,
So come youth's hopes, around us dally,
Then fade to gladden other spheres.

So dimly visioned, elusive, waning,
Memories throng around her grace;
Yet o'er the borderland remaining,
Youth ever veils her vivid face!

A SONG OF LOVE TRIUMPHANT

Life is sweet!
How sweet, you know who feel the forest
rain,
Then the bounding pulse of life in the
crowded street,
Yours again.

Sour in life's sweet?
Yes, in the midst of wealth, strength,
beauty, and youth,
The endless grappling up from the clodded
feet
After truth.

Yet I think
With the love which I drank of life at the
brim
I may float without fear o'er the brink,
If with him.

A SONG OF LOVE TRIUMPHANT

Then on toward the star,
Toward which, as in a gladder past, our
faces we press ;
Let us run with our best, be the end near
or far,
And a love that can never be less !

PAST AND FUTURE

Gold-dawn the morning, silver the stream,
None in the world but me and you ;
Paling that vision—which is the dream,
Youth, or the long gray fields in view?

SONGS OF ASPIRATION

I

ASPIRING TOWARD THE PEAKS YOUR FOND
EYES HOLD ME

Aspiring toward the peaks your fond eyes
hold me,

And teach, not show, disdain
For all the vision-dwarfing things that now
enfold me—

I cannot love the plain !

This be my title to you, dear
(I care not for men's shout):

His song was but a seeing clear ;

His life, its living out !

SONGS OF ASPIRATION

II

NOT A WAVE DOTH PAUSE THE PROW

Not a wave doth pause the prow,
When we shape the downward course ;
Seeming to stand still, somehow
We are baffled from the source:
Fair as are these sheltered ways,
Dream we still of nobler days.

Only those who follow far
Know thee, light of soul's desire ;
'T is not enough to see the star,
We must burn within its fire :
All who would make true their dream
Must follow far, against the stream.

MATERIALISM

Here is the garden where we walked
Together in our youth ;
Where are the nothings that we talked,
The falsity and truth ?

CATCHES

I

Love! and we live with the staying truth,
The charm of youth ! the charm of
youth!
Youth! and we live again love's rage,
The charm of youth ! the charm of age !

CATCHES

II

This be the air
To joy our feet:
"Life's oh, so fair!
Love's oh, so sweet!"

CATCHES

III

Was never voice of mine could say
The truest in the sweetest way ?

CIRCUMSTANCE

Linked to the soil from which she sprang,
She never gained life's sweeter closes;
For her the joy-bells never rang,
Unknown to her love's thorns and roses.

A LIFE

All her loving childhood
Was spent beside the streams
Flowing through the wildwood
Of the land of dreams.
All her wistful maidenhood
Was like the glowing sun,
Faring to the boundless view
When the dawn is done.

Unforgotten gladness,
Truth as true as dreams;
No moment's pause for sadness
Where love's light gleams!
Oh, the joy of being
With one in life alone!
So loving love scarce seeing
Till one from life had flown.

A LIFE

Soon the darkness closes
O'er the happy years ;
Though vanished now life's roses,
Their memory endears.
Love's ways, viewed in the light that then
O'erspread this common sod,
Seemed sweet as those of Enoch when
He walked beside his God.

HOW THE SATYR FOUND DIAN A VENUS

While wandering wide within the fields,
By chance led on by merry sound,
I came to where a river yields
Its music to a basin round.

There, dazzling flanks and snowy breasts,
Of milk and honey to the stare,
The unenveloped Dian rests—
O Satyr, catch her if you dare !

.

Sweet sounds went titt'ring all the fields
over,
Half-fearful, as Dian springs to flight ;
Follow I hot-haste far through the clover,
Nor heed fair Naiads on left or right ;

HOW THE SATYR FOUND DIAN A VENUS

Seeking to catch but the laughter-loving
Dian, and touch these hairy hips
To those snowy flanks, and after loving
Remember forever the dew of those
lips!

.

I caught her as she came between
The poplars and the willows,
And threw her down where clovers screen
Our joy, like yielding pillows.

She held me not with glances chaste;
And I with joy, unchidden,
A Satyr, seemed about to taste
What was to gods forbidden.

.

There's a glimmer of white in the mead-
ows,
Where the river bank hangs over,
And a twinkle of feet in the grass,
And a glory of light through the clover—

HOW THE SATYR FOUND DIAN A VENUS

Say, Naiads, and all woodland folk who
may,

Did Dian or light Venus pass this way?

.

Old?—yes, in the night adreaming;

But the dream once was true: oh, the
charms

That lurk in the vivid seeming!

Oh, the breasts, oh, the snowy arms!

LOVE

The light the darkness fretting,
The breeze that greets the lark,
The thing there's no forgetting,
That lasts beyond the dark !

IDEALS

Like a bootless quest for our shadow's
end

That keeps its distance, our course we
bend ;

Yet perchance some noon, when a fair sun
shows,

We may catch it, though soon we may
lose it—who knows?

LOVE'S GLANCES

The men who drink old wine I count as
wise,

And those who gladly hear an ancient
play;

But antique wines and phrases fade away
(An olden drama gives us no surprise) :

Not so Virginia, for in her eyes

I seem to catch new meanings day by day;

And, ever as I gaze, there seems to beam—

Beneath their dreaming lids the longing
lies

Of hopes beyond the shadow of a dream !

WOMEN AND WINE

Youth is the charm of women, age of wine ;
Yet would I all life's youth, wine's age
forego,
If I one moment, dear, could call thee
mine ;
Live, in thy kiss, a century or so.

THE POET

The spirit of poetry is loneliness, a world-alooofness.

At eve I saw red banners flow
Above a mist of clover,
With songs blown out of long ago
The air seems brimming over :
And then a wild boy singing, singing,
In the long gray fields at night.

In gold-dawn meadows Dian passes ;
You saw, Love, blind are you !
Nor care to look on mortal lasses,
You've glimpsed all heaven through !
And then a wild boy calling, calling,
In the long gray fields at night.

Gone is springtime's mist,
Summer's haze is o'er,

THE POET

And the leaves which autumn kist
In winter are no more :
And still a wild boy shouting, shouting,
In the long gray fields at night.

SOULSIGHT

Nature made you for sunlight ; if the form
Alone were eloquent, then you might speak
Heart to my heart. Now I alone must keep
My love still lonely in a star-pitched tent
(That glorious flesh, bright with the hue
of life ;

Those arms, so supple to embrace or sway ;
Those tresses, golden as the beams of day ;
Those world-round breasts : will not all
these suffice

For love and me ? Nay, nor the very spice
Of love that lurks within your eyes at play !).
Not even *that* can batter down the day
When first we met, and spoke, and parted ;
wet

My soul with tears was. Now, though far
away,

I know that what I thought you I can keep.

PARAPHRASES FROM *THE GREEK*
ANTHOLOGY

I

BEAUTY IN VISION

(After Asclepiades)

This is fair Venus' picture. Does it strike
You most as Cytherea, or unlike,
And more like Berenicé—what's confessed?
At any rate, be sure 't is Beauty's best.

PARAPHRASES FROM GREEK ANTHOLOGY

II

COMMON PROPERTY

(After Rufus Domesticus)

All parts of you I love except your eye,
That I must share with every passer-by.

III

LOVE'S FOR THE LIVING

(After Asclepiades)

Now the summer comes, the time of swallows mating,
And the daffodil, love's golden flower,
blows ;
How much longer, love, will you, waiting,
keep me waiting ?
Now is summer fair, but in Acheron are
snows !

PARAPHRASES FROM GREEK ANTHOLOGY

IV

A PESSIMIST

(After Unknown Author)

I, sixty years of age, unmarried ; oh,
That father thus was sixty years ago !

PARAPHRASES FROM GREEK ANTHOLOGY

V

THE DIVINE SPARK

(After Asclepiades)

Young Didymé, in her youth and beauty's
glory,
Taught me to love her, I kindled at
love's fire ;
Now life's sky grows dark, and old, and
weary of love's story,
Still the dying light of life inflames my
love's desire !

PARAPHRASES FROM GREEK ANTHOLOGY

VI

AN EPICUREAN'S DEATH

(After Simonides)

I've tasted all life's pleasures, day doth
cloy ;

Now I prefer sweet slumber to enjoy.

JOY IN THE MORNING

As I walked in the fields, ere the break-
ing of the day,
The cheering morning light seemed a
thousand miles away ;
As I walked in the fields, ere the birds
began to sing,
The day became a doubt, if there were
such a thing.
But sudden from a tree, where the night
hung dark,
Came a carol strong of hope, the voicing
of the lark !
Then the glory of the light, yet far away,
Seemed bursting through the clouds of the
blackness and the gray ;
All the promise of the day, both seen and
heard,
Came crowding through the song of one
small bird :

JOY IN THE MORNING

“Fear nothing, for the larger life
Awaits the victim of the strife ;
Fear nothing, for the larger love
Expectant waits for you above !”

MORNING

(Corot)

The glow of wavering day and night,
The song of birds; and now
The still, slim pinnacles of light
Burst radiant o'er earth's brow!

Such dawn so once on lovers beams,
When love's first dream is rife;
They after catch but waning gleams
In visions all their life!

A FOND REGRET

Not the good left undone, the hand un-
stretched to help some failing friend,
No thought of the waking doth appal,
though here life's dream doth end ;
No stern, cold voice in outer darkness
lifted, for bright I enter in ;
But oh, that I had sinned, though unfor-
given, that long-lost, darling sin !

TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Strong rower, great thy quest was, greater
thou ;

The all or nothing thy sole creed could
be,

Unflinching when thou turned thy Grecian
prow

Against the harsh waves of an English
sea.

TO GEORGE MEREDITH

This mingling of philosophy and romance
Is like (I'll say it, though perhaps 't is
old)

The blending of two exquisite, rare wines,
Purged of their lees, within a flask of
gold.

A SUMMER DAY

When faint light comes creeping over the
hills,

And morning on tiptoe stands, looking
over,

It's up and away, with love at play
In the clover.

Now the shadows long toward the hills
they love,

And the bee drowsy grows on the clover;
It's up and away, for youth's but a day,
And all life's over.

CHILD AND SEA

I wish I could a sailor be
And sit inside a boat,
With all the room above the sea
To laugh, and sing, and float !

I think I'd like to sail all day,
Wherever breezes led ;
And not come back from far-away
Till it is time for bed.

How can so straight and easy go
The ships, on waves that curl,
While all the steps that tire one so
Are for a boy and girl ?

SWEET MAID, IF YOU WOULD
CHARM MY SIGHT

(Elizabethan)

Sweet maid, if you would charm my sight,
Smile not on forward lovers ;
Publicity doth lack delight,
In light no sweetness hovers.

Be true—not to the world, indeed,
But to yourself and me ;
Let love for me be your sole creed,
And me your sole love be.

And yet, though you should not accord
Your actions to these thoughts of mine,
Still must I follow where you lead,
Since all you do must be divine.

**EXTEMPORE SONNET ON THE
ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM
McKINLEY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1901**

Lost to the world! and we may hope well
 flown

Is all the transitory round of strife,
Concerns of peace and armies, all unknown
In that far land which counts the cost of
 life.

Yes! 't is the soul of man alone that lives
Truly on earth, and more forever where
Deeds are undone, and thought's fulfillment
 gives

The Eternal—dreams are all undreamt of
 there!

Not by the shouts of nations is begun
Eternity's true judgment; no, 't is made
In each small life; the unforgotten sun

EXTEMPORE SONNET ON WILLIAM MCKINLEY

Is that which shines on some fair, peaceful
glade.

Since, though we know not, we may hope
his song

Has found a truer music—mourn not long !

THE ONE TRUE NOTE

“Culture is half way to heaven”; believing
This, many surge at the gates of the
sky ;

But aphorisms are most gross deceiving,
Most are but mocking that cannot deny.

What are the lessons the past has unfolded?
Changed of all cognizance, they have
become

Just little bits of tin prettily golded,
Baubles to flash in a vanishing sun!

What the lessons the future shall teach us,
If all the past has been wantoned in
vain?

Nay, angels' voices not even can reach us,
Perched on ambition, in mad rides for
gain.

THE ONE TRUE NOTE

Gain of what? Lands, riches—wisdomless
lives.

At loss of what? Happiness, honour, and
truth.

All that is dissolute in this age thrives;
All that is not, there's no room for, for-
sooth!

Facts, they shout. Facts are the weapons
of factions;

One truth is worth quite a barrel of those:
What are our great men, if judged by their
actions,
But puppets walking in somebody's
clothes!

Once saw I, in days when we were all
younger,
As I walked over a desolate heath,
Two swallows proudly wheel, but man was
stronger,
And they fell on the ground lying be-
neath.

THE ONE TRUE NOTE

Man, when he should have been working,
 was playing ;
 Ling'ring, when he should have flown
 toward the sky ;
Easy mark he, in the midst of delaying,
 For the fiend as he lolled lazily by.

Yet one true spark still endures from the
 ages
 When ideals of spirit were those of the
 man :
What is the knowledge of thousands of
 sages,
 Backed with the wisdom of how they
 began !

*Search the world over, brambles or clover,
 Chances and changes are naught, Love, to
 thee ;
All human troubles are but the bubbles
 Of lightest foam from a bottomless sea.*

A CESSATION OF STRIFE

Death dark? Ah, no, they err who say
that death is dark and grim;
'T is the entrance to a larger life, a coming
home to Him;
Like a happy sunset in the west, when a
sunless day is done,
A great joy crept into a life before a joy-
less one!

THE LAST WORD

“Ah, what a weary race my feet have run !”
That is the laggard's cry ;
It sounds when the long fight has just
begun ;
In that let me not die !

Though faint and failing as the heights
ascend,
Still let my struggling will
Make small the grim, vast rocks that will
not bend,
The trail that winds up-hill.

Though I do nothing as men count the
great,
Yet let my small atone
For all the sad vicissitudes of fate,
The good deeds willed—undone.

THE LAST WORD

*Though we shall never win, we can choose
sides,*

Can dare to fail with good ;
Though much is taken, yet that truth
abides.

Still far from heaven, I am nearer God.

SINCE ALICE DIED

The grass is just as green to-day as when
My darling fled away a year ago,
And just as full and clear the rivers flow;
In all the earth the smiling looks of men
Show that this life of loss is worth, as
 then,
The living. And 't is well! I would not
 choose,
Because my lot in life has been to lose,
To close the flowers or shroud the sun;
 again
The happy birds are carolling, the skies
Are just as placid, and the flowers of
 spring
Are just as fair, and naught on any side
Is changed; the same fair fields salute
 mine eyes;
Yet, though such specious joys the seasons
 bring,
Another world it seems, since Alice died.

A SONG AT THE CLOSE

When pleasure calls, duty cries stronger
o'er me ;

*I never knew how sweet her voice till
now,*

When all the past so plainly lies before
me,

Past me the future makes her distant
bow.

Both times are written in the dark'ning
river,

Which takes its colour from the deep,
blue sky ;

As I see death, hushed is the body's
shiver,

As my freed spirit rushes upward by.

LOVE UNIVERSAL

I care not though the seas may sunder
far,

As long as you and I are on this earth,
Above us both the same kind, guiding
star!

TOO LATE

I scorned not Love, but most the love of
Fame
Engulfed me, ere I came to years of
worth;
Ambition needs the many in its game,
And Love but two—now one is in the
earth.

LOVE'S MEMORIES

This is the landscape which you were wont
to delight in,

Here are the trees that often caught
your mood ;

There the grove which we often took a
bite in,

Behind us the lull of the midday sleeping
wood !

At our feet the lisp of the water on shores
than beaches

Of never-ending sea-yellow, oh, so far
Better, since brighter for us ; love's sight
breaks tradition's, and teaches

The folly of trying to measure the light
of a star !

Stiles where I prayed you be kind there
were in the reaches

Between the fond closes of meadows
where we met !

LOVE'S MEMORIES

Oh, the beauty of light through the pallid
 beeches,

 Leaving Love in the shadow he loves—
 his quiet broods there yet!

Once the brook murmured joyous in any
 weather,

 And ne'er could we find a place for Love
 too wide;

Now its banks seem but dreary stretches
 holding together

 The space where its music has died!

Since you have gone, it seems that the skies
 would never

 Again be so glad; though the unforgotten
 sun

Glow as then, yet the times that the bright
 times sever

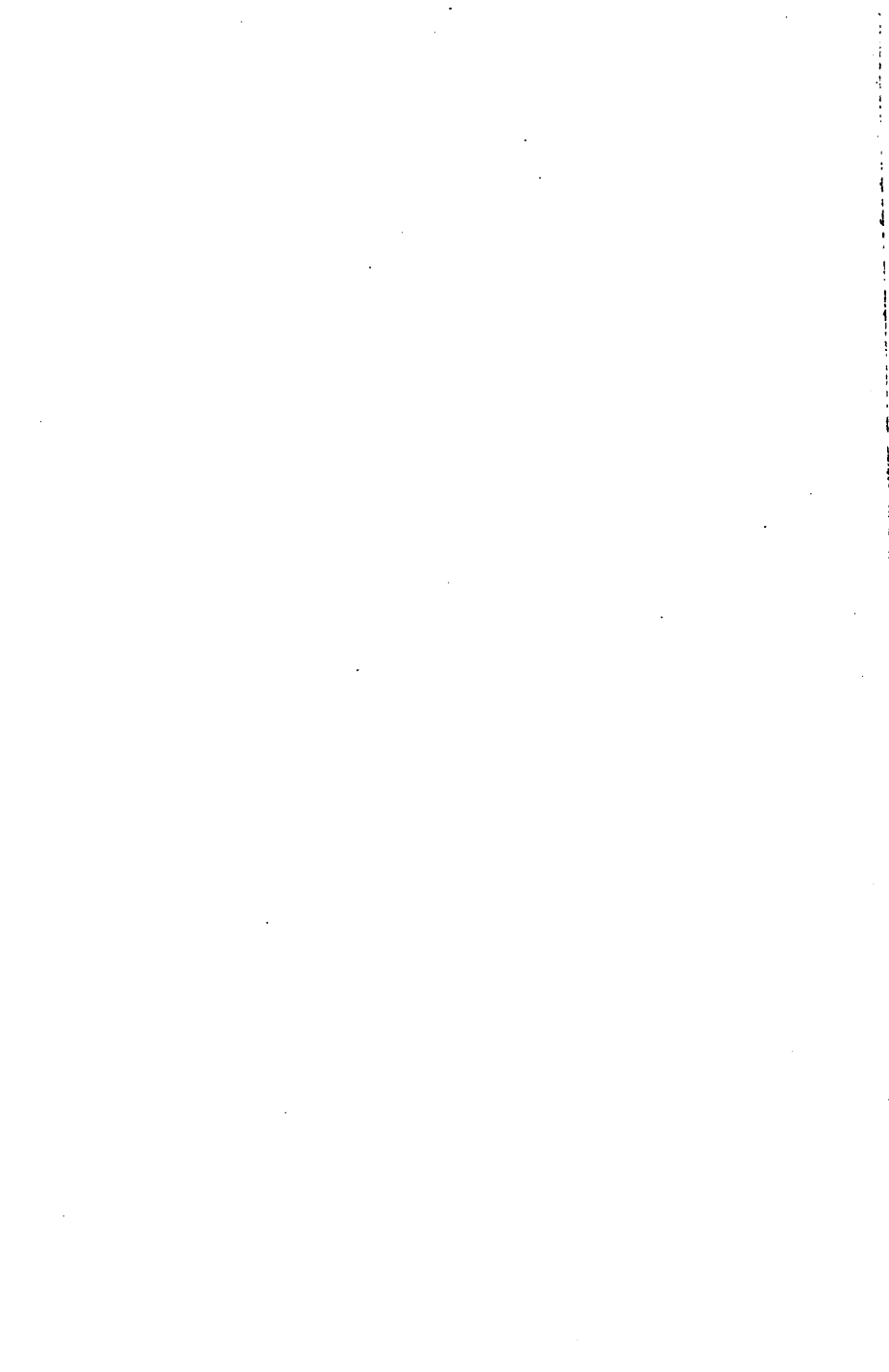
 Seem ages long, now love's golden day is
 done!

Oh, since you taught me to see the glow
 and the glory,

LOVE'S MEMORIES

Why is it now, though the same fond
 ways I go,
I see no brightness, live but a remembered
 story—
Since you taught me heaven, why here
 do I grieve below ?

THE END





**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]

